THE Jesuites Advice TO THE PAINTER:

Upon the DEATH of William Howard,

Late Viscount Stafford.

4. Jan. 168 0/1

WHat damn'd dull Dog was that that did Advise
So poorly to depict ROME'S Treacheries?
And in such mean Pedantick Strains to call
An Art-less Painter to her Funeral:
Sure One that had no Soul, but what was Lent,
And from some fulsom Dunghil hither sent!
Fond Poet, ROME's not dead nor dying! she
Will yet Survive your grand Catastrophe:
And all her Martyred Saints shall from the Dead
Arise, and Plant their Tryumphs on her head;
Such Glories her predicted Fall attend,
As wi'l in a Victorious Conquest End:
With what dull Verse, with what insipid Spell,
Dost thou lay down the Stratagems of Hell?

ALl you infernal Sp'rits fron Styg'an Lake.
Requiems sing for our dear *Stafford's* sake,
Who to the Last, unto his lateſt Breath,
Our cause maintain'd, and seal'd it by his Death;
Paint this Fam'd Hero Innocent and Great,
Make him a Saint in spite of *Jove* and Fate,
Let his Curst Treasons *Loyalty* supplant,
Ten Rebels make for one Damn'd Protestant.
By his last Traiterous Breath, let him create,
Ten hundred Thousand Traytors to the State,

And

And now with Hell let him once more combine,
Implore its Aid, to drive on Our Designe.
Lay all the Kingdom waste, and in a Word
Put all the *Heresicks* to Fire and Sword;
Leave not a Child of Two years old to tell,
That ever here, a Protestant did dwell.
But that these Things may fully take Effect,
No Mercy shew to young, nor old respect;
When we loud Blessings give, Know then we Curse,
If we advise to Kill, you must do worse.
When we Obedience preach, 'tis our Intent,
Rebels to be to King and Parliament.
Turn all Things upside down, till *Rome* and Fate,
Become the ample Guardians of the State.
'Till we involve i'th Tye of humane Blood,
What no Age knew or ever understood,
Assist my Muse, from the Infernal IT!
Whence Jesuites draw their Abyss of Wit:
All you dear Brothers of the Holy League,
Italians Spanish, British, French and *Teaqw*,
Conspire in one, both Hell and *Rome* predict.
Your good Success; our PLOT to like effect.
Damn that ignoble Painter that does Limn,
The Holy PLOT, in Characters so dim:
In stead of Poyson, Pistol, or a Stab,
Paint Unbelief, no Faith but in a † Drab.
In stead of Gallows, Torture and Defence,
Draw faithful Guilt, in shape of Innocence.
Limn to the Life; Make our hang'd Saints arise,
Convert the Sceen, Draw Murther in Disguise:
From sleep ascents to Happiness and Bliss,
Where you design to kill, there paint a Kiss.
Propound, confound, desist, repent, recant,
Paint holy ------ a Zealous Protestant:
Give him the Oath, and swear him to maintain
Reformed Faith in a true Popish Strain.
This does indeed look something like our Selves;
Knit in a Mystique tye with Saints and Elves.
But to proceed, where Massacres should stand,
There paint the Plague, by it a Happy Land.
For Towns burnt down, and Cities in a Flame,
Draw there the Pope his Holiness's Name.
By *Pluto's* side Limn Hope and pawned Faith,
And neer their Feet *Discovery* and *Death*.
Depict Discovery fearful in a Throng,
Make dreadful Death as beautiful and young:

† *The Romish Church.*

And for a Murdred Prince a Virgin draw,
Crown'd with Religion, Priviledg and Law:
Within her Arms, lay all the Holy PLOT;
All what is yet design'd, and what is not.
All things propos'd for Mischief to ensue,
Paint in no fading colors but in Blew,
That all our holy Order may at sight,
In a Disguise see the Effects of Night.
DANBY's pernicious Council place alone,
Which, for the Kingdoms good, engrave in stone;
And near the same, let his dear person stand,
Loaden with Crimes, † High Treason in his hand. † A Pardon.
Upon his hardned Forehead, paint in Red,
The Dreadful Ghost of GODFREY from the Dead:
But clear him of the Fault; Be sure to state
The Heretick's the Author of his Fate.
For th' other ill affected Lords, set down
No Treason, but aspiring to a Crown.
Upon their Shoulders make Religion stand;
But give her Wings, and Gold in either hand:
Make her spit Fire which for the Churches good.
See that you quench with the whole Nations blood.
This done, in place of consecrated Knives,
Put a long Chain of Prayers and Popish Lives,
And though we Swear, For-swear, and Lie, yet Paint,
A Jesuite no Devil but a Saint.
For deep Rebellion of a Purple Dye,
Draw humble Supplicants to Majesty,
Where Foreiners design for to invade,
No Armies put, but Languor, Fear and Dread.
Depose Great *Lewis* from his glorious Throne,
Whilst we unite these Kingdoms to his own.
Before those Kings which we are to Delude,
Draw Prostrate Jesuites in Blood imbru'd.
In a deep Dungeon the Inquisition place,
Not with an Horrid, but a Pleasing Face.
All that we have to do, is to deceive,
And the Misguided World of Sense bereave.
A Conquest we design o'th British Land,
Whom we intend shall fall, pray here let stand.
Falsehood and Victory joyn, and in a Line,
Make Breach of Faith resemble Truth Divine.
We 're now spur'd on, with flames of Rage and Lust,
To lay the Credulous World in Blood and Dust:
O're-turn the Pillars of the Universe,
And Tragick Scenes of Cruelty rehearse.

Make

Make Monarchs fall upon their Sulphury Lees,
And trembling seize upon their feeble Knees.
Bring all into a Chaos, as at first,
Before the Product of the Earth was curst:
In stead of Waters, let the Rivers swell,
With human Blood, sent headlong down to Hell:
Whilst raging Flames, their Lifeless Corps destroy,
And fix the Periods of the Nations joy.
Breath nothing but Revenge with Fire and Sword,
Give the pernicious † Pestilence the word:
And that Hells deep Design may take Effect,
All Villanies persue, no Crimes reject.
Bring to Confusion whatso'er you meet,
Hell guid your Souls, whilst Rome directs your feet;
So may the Painters hand be guided too,
Contriving to Contrive, how to undo.
Honour depress, Insult upon, degrade,
Let Perjur'd baseness Royal Thrones invade:
Be kind to none that Villany detest,
Or harbour Gen'rous Thoughts within their breast.
But see you make the Martyrdom proceed,
From those, to whom, by Us it is decreed.
Upon their Brows plant Vengeance; and we'll smite
Those wretched Catiffs to Eternal Night.
This is the Judgment, the Decree is Seal'd;
Nor can it be revok'd tho 't be reveal'd.

As in Queen Mary's days.

† *Missacre.*

FINIS.

London, Printed for *T. Davies.* 1681.